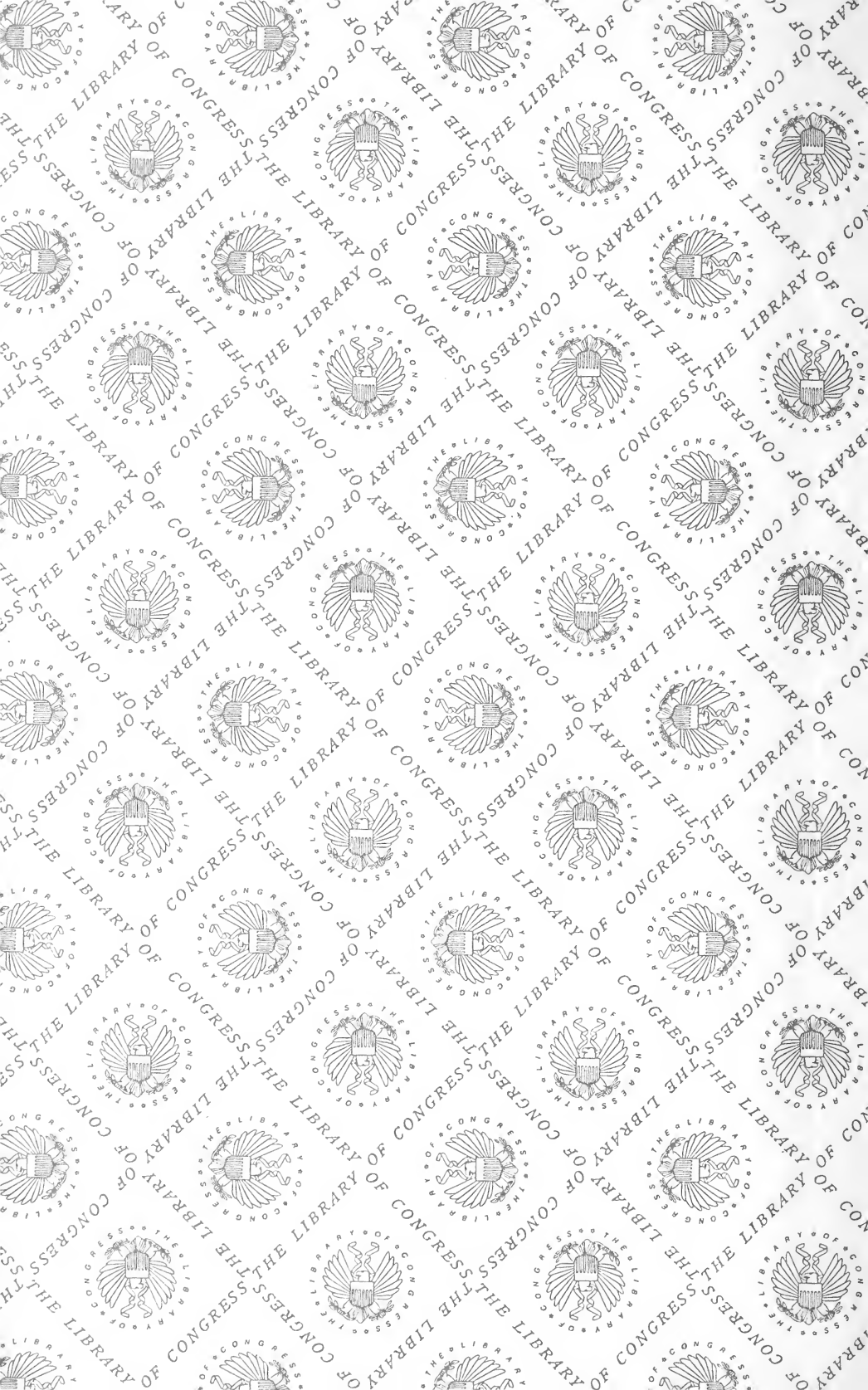
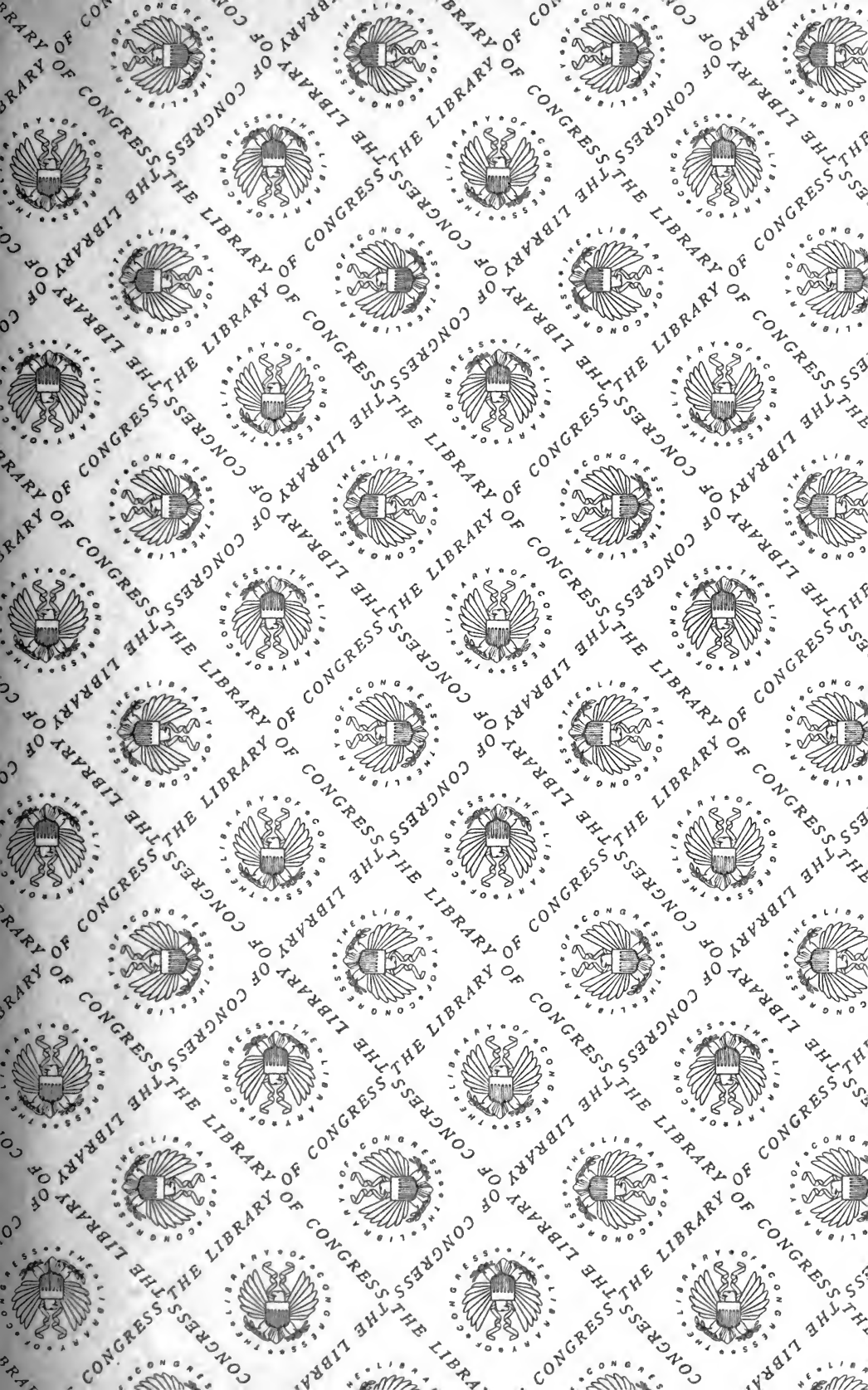


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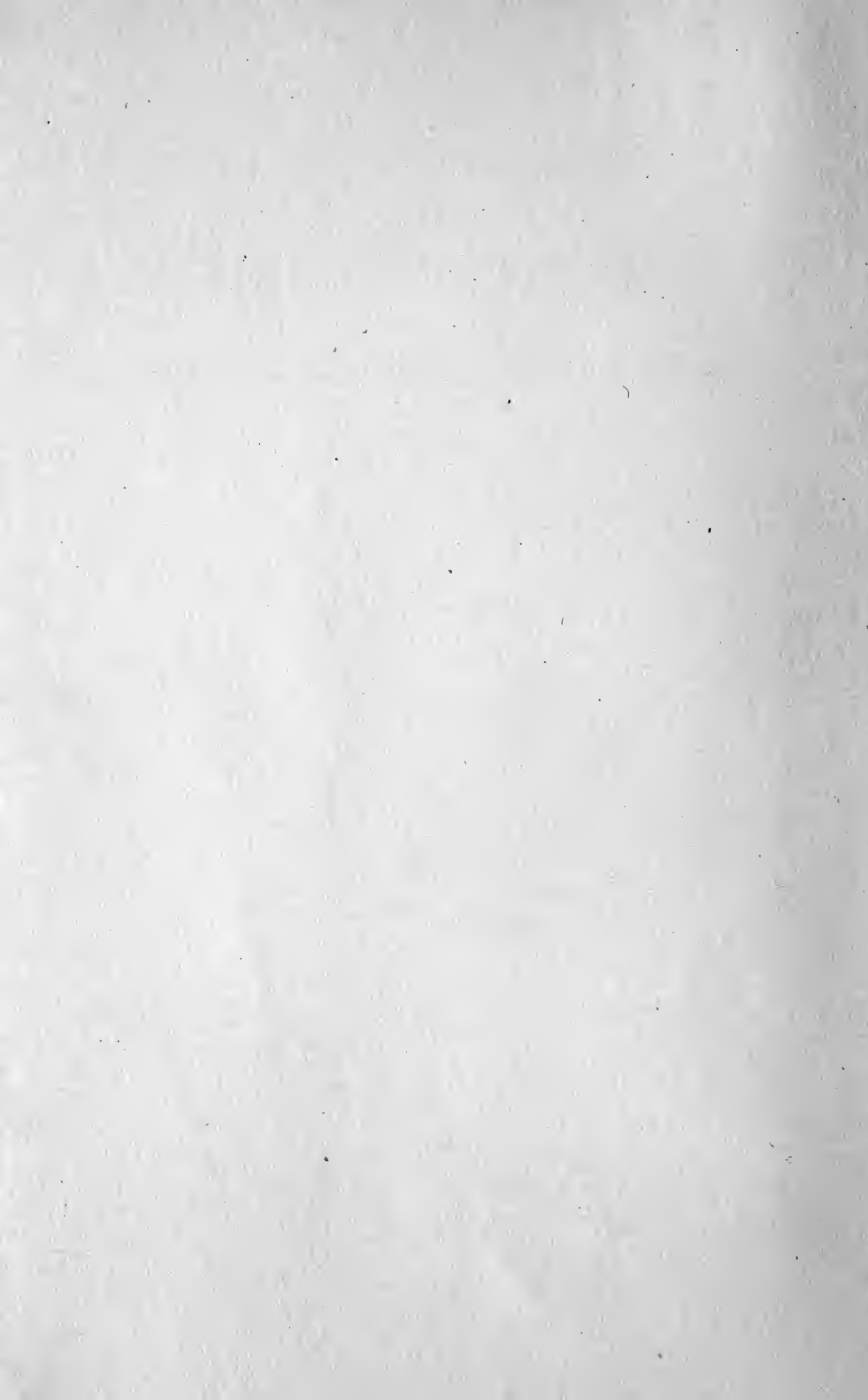


I AM A CHILD

WHEN gentle strains of music lull to rest
The still uneasy slumber of the mind,
Then the ascending shadows, threefold blest,
Enfold with soft embrace, and kind,
Experience: and then I dream of things that are—
Yet do not seem to be—
And strange reality and truth—
They come to me: Then.

Then are forgotten all things learned here;
Grim theories and fine-spun logic fly;
Fixed principles, and all pernicious fear,
In vague, unused disorder lie—
Uncouth to see: and then I know the things that are—
Yet do not so appear—
And gentle voices, wondrous songs,
I hear: Then.





JOURNEYS WITH FANCY
THROUGH
THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL
AND
ITS FAIRY FOLK FOR LITTLE FOLK

By
HERBERT LAMPE

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The FRED S. LANG COMPANY
1921

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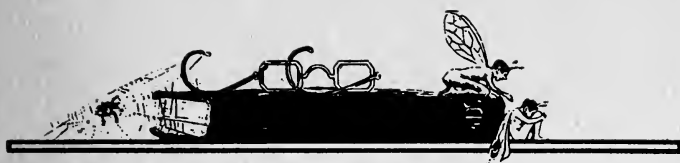
To

ALL THE LITTLE FAIRIES
OF MY HEART—ALL BOYS
AND GIRLS I KNOW:

SINCE *I first wrote the six JOURNEY LETTERS to my very dear cousins LUISE and VALESKA—forever bonnie lassies in my heart—many little cousins, indeed, have come and wandered with me through the fair land called Delight in the World Beautiful and helped to make it what it is:*

There's BOUNCING BETTY and LITTLE JANE, MY WEE, WEE LADDIE and fairy SANDY BABY, aye, and many more; and they and their good mothers all have helped to make for me the great

WORLD
BEAUTIFUL



ATTENTION, DEAR COUSINS,
LET'S SEE WHAT IS HERE
AND HOW WE CAN FIND
WHAT IS LOVELY OR QUEER—
JUST AS WE CHOOSE—
IN THIS VERY BOOK:
SO FOR A WEE MOMENT
LET'S JUST TAKE A LOOK

FIRST, MY DEAR COUSINS, COME THE SIX
JOURNEY LETTERS *and in them is described
the great World Beautiful, and where it lies, and
how to find it, and all the folk that dwell therein;
and all the grown-up folk, not too unwisely old,
will read with understanding, and mothers will
give little folk the pictures by the way.*

THEN COME THE FAIRY FOLK FOR LITTLE
FOLK *in verse and fairy tales—and, here and
there, a song for mother, too: the Dawn Sprites
and the Chuckle Elves, Grin Goblins and Fay
Love, Queen Fancy and the Twilight Elves, the
Dimples, Twinkles and the rest—oh, yes, Imp
Mischief too—and many more:*

AND IN BETWEEN COME BIRDS AND BUGS *and
what they do, and incantations for them that the
fairies wrote for you: For Birds and Bugs and
fairy Elves and Goblins most often playmates be.*



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JOURNEY LETTERS

WHILE TRAVELING
WITH FANCY





JOURNEY LETTERS

I

TO those Dear Cousins who dwell in the *World Beautiful*,
And to all other friends,
Greeting:

I, MY dear cousins, no longer dwell in the *World Beautiful*. It was way in the last century when I first left it for only short visits to the *World As-it-seems-to-be*; but, afterwards, my return was often postponed for many months at a time; and now I can return only for just a little while now and then, and only because I have many friends there who are glad to see me.

You must know that in the *World Beautiful* lies the land called *Delight*; and in it live the *Kindly People* and the *Good of Heart*, who are all very happy. It is a wonderful land; and a wise king rules there, called *Hope*, whose sister is *Faith*. She has a wonderful power; for all whom she touches, though they be blind or lame, or sick in any way, are healed; and *Hope* gives them to drink from a fountain fashioned from pure dream crystals called *Eternal Youth*; and, though they grow up and live ever



and ever so long, they are always happy as children. Which is as it should be.

You must know, too, that through the land called Delight, in the World Beautiful, runs the river of Song, into which flow the dancing waters of the spring called Laughter, that rises in the sunlit valley of Fun. On the other side is the dark, cool forest called Mystery, where the trees are always whispering grave secrets to each other, and nudge each other slyly as they sway in the wind, and even wink at each other, knowingly, when the evening sunbeams spring and dance from top to top. But they all seem kindly and happy, and laugh softly, and are immensely pleased when little children wander through the darkening glades holding hands and staring at all the strange and curious things with big round eyes and little shivers of delight. They are, too, immensely pleased when the Imp Mischief, who lives in the forest of Mystery, plays pranks, and sets the children to chasing rain-bows, and trips them up with the long runners of a queer climbing rose called Myth. But the children always come away happy and laden with the marvelous flowers they have gathered there, that are called Inspiration and grow in shady groves and have beautiful colors. They keep ever and ever so long. Anyway, nothing can harm the children in the forest of Mystery; for, you see, the charming fairy, Love, makes his home there also, and smoothes the way for them, and catches them when they fall: although very often, indeed, he and Mischief join together in upsetting the plans of the joyous people who go a-wandering there.

In the land called Delight, in the World Beautiful, there also live two sisters, Imagination and Illusion, who are first cousins of Faith and Hope, and who work all the time to make the land still more beautiful and the people still more happy. But then, to tell you this time about these, and about all the other wonderful people and what they can do, would take much too long: so you must wait until I again can find my way from the World As-it-seems-to-be to the World Beautiful.





THERE are many different roads that lead to the World Beautiful; and many people travel them; but very few go exactly the same way; and many know but one. I, however, know them all, for I have been there often.

There is the well-known way that leads one through the forest of Mystery. It is the path of the fairy Love, and is most strange and wonderful. First one reaches the sun-kissed mountains of Revelation. From here may be seen the whole wide world, in all its glory, stretching far, far away—as far as eye can reach. Gleaming in the sunlight below you see the quiet waters of Lake Content; and, turning sharply to the right, you come to the tumbling, tossing waters of the highland stream Desire, that goes rushing, leaping, turning, twisting down the mountain side, and—before you can catch yourself—you are swept away by the torrent, only to emerge below hand in hand, gasping for breath and laughing, just in time to see the whirling Daughters of the Morning Mist go dancing upward waving their dainty, rainbow scarfs in welcome to the rising sun, while tiny Dawn Sprites, with brightly twinkling eyes, leap and tumble with delight in the far, far stretching meadows. Many of them, indeed, rock themselves gently in the gaily colored petals of the funny little Giggle Flowers and Merry Blossoms that nod and quiver in the morning breeze. There, too, we see our own flowers, the Heartsease and Forget-me-nots; and also find, twining about the sturdy tree of Life, the vine called Affection, that grows stronger and stronger, and clings closer and closer, as time goes on, and has the most beautiful flowers in all the world.

Then, too, there is the way that leads through the Slumber Sea, that lies peaceful and still in the shadowy mountains of night. Here the tired people bathe and are again made strong. Although it is sometimes called the Silent Sea, many wonderful things are hidden in its depths;



and, if you swim both fast and strong, you come to the Cave of Beautiful Dreams that is bright as the sunlit day. It is the home of the Twilight Elves, who can make all things come true, and who often come to visit us when the sun lies far in the west. From there it is just a step to the land called Delight in the World Beautiful.

Indeed, many roads are there, and beautiful are they all; but to those whom she loves, Fancy, the queen of the Twilight Elves, who travels far and never rests, will show the one that is the most beautiful of all.

*Her eyes are as bright as the shining stars,
Wild as the storm tossed sea;
But her smile is as bright as the sunlit dawn,
And she carries a golden key.*

Fancy may sometimes be unkind, but to me she has always been a dear, dear friend; and when I hear her softly calling I gladly come. Lightly she lays her hand on my heart and I am glad. She smiles, and the world grows bright. She looks into my eyes, and doubts vanish. Joyously, then, I follow her without question.

*Her voice is soft as a mother's sigh;
Her laugh, like the drifting rain:
And she sings as she rides on the hurricane gale,
To the whistling wind's refrain.*

Many and varied are the ways of Fancy—both strange and wonderful—nor does she ever travel the same road twice. Never will you be able to see the World As-it-really-is, until you travel with Fancy. You must surely make her your friend.

*Though her home is the Cave of Beautiful Dreams,
Wide, are her travels, and far:
From the heart of a rose, on the pinions of light,
She flies to the farthestmost star.*

And now, my dear cousins, as it is way, way past midnight, you must wait until next time to hear of the further travels of Fancy and your cousin.





IF you would travel with good Fancy and myself, you must believe all I tell; for all I tell you is true—which you yourself will know some day. Until that time, however, you must believe me, lest Fancy hide herself in anger; for her feelings are easily hurt and nothing upsets her quite so much as not believing: and, should she let go of your hand, you would fall straight down into the bleak and bare Dreary World, where the people live in mud houses and eat the multiplication table every day—for breakfast, dinner and supper—and sleep on uncomfortable cramped-up beds made only of Hard Facts. They have no flowers there at all and see only the nasty mud puddles in the road they call Success, and notice only the cracks and crumbly places in their ugly houses built out of Riddle Rocks and plastered all over with the sticky mud from Misinformation Creek—whose water they have to drink so that they themselves get muddy all through, and cannot think of anything except what isn't so—altho they don't know it and think themselves wise.

Know then, dear cousins of the happy hearts, that Fancy again called me just as the first Moonbeams began silently creeping, gliding, slipping through the night shadows, dodging in and out, dancing and skipping, now here, now there, looking everywhere in all the dark corners, and poking into all the out-of-the-way places to see if there were any lazy, lie-abed Night Fairies that needed waking. There I found Fancy awaiting me in a magic circle of flashing moon-beams; and, perched on her outstretched hands or darting hither and thither about her, with extended wings restless and acquiver, I saw the most wonderful birds in all the world: The Singing Birds of Beautiful Thought. Swift of wing are they, and shy; but Fancy charmed them to her side. You sometimes see the flash of their wings when the radiant boreal light flares high in the northern sky. Then Fancy guides them with



shining threads of starlit dew across the horizon on her way to the land called Delight in the World Beautiful.

*In a chariot made from the wild, white rose,
With dark hair blowing free,
On the flashing wings of Beautiful Thoughts,
Comes Fancy to you and me.*

With a light-hearted laugh did Fancy take me to her arms, and, with the flutter of many wings, in a shower of sparkling dew drops, we started on our wonderful journey. Around us sprang the moon-beams; but, soon they, too, were left far behind; and we were speeding alone through the starlit night where only the fast beating wings of the Birds of Beautiful Thought flashed radiance through the darkening sky, like distant lightning on a summer's evening.

*Wild was our ride; and we went fast;
And wondrous things we saw and passed;
And when we drove over the Silent Sea,
She sang a curious melody.*

And—and this was the song that Fancy sang as she shook the reins of starlit dew. Then the Birds of Beautiful Thought flew fast, and the star dust flashed behind:

The first part of the song—she called that:

MORNING GLORY

*Hi, yi, yip!
I'm a roisterer wild:
With a laugh in my heart,
I am Nature's own child.
Hi, yi, yip!
Ahi, yi, oh!
Merrily singing,
Forever, I go.
Hi, yi, yip!
Ahi, yi, oh!
Where the wild, free winds
A sweet melody blow.*





*Oh, they sing and they say
In the dim morning gray:
Away, away,
To the dawn of the day!
Kiss the eyelids of night
To awakening light;
Kiss the shadow that lies
From her wondering eyes;
Until, at your wooing,
In blushing surprise,
She smoothes her dark cover,
Half willing to rise;
Then flings its dark glory,
Oh, far, far away;
And fully awake:
It is day! It is day!*

The second part of the song—Fancy called:

EVENING SPLENDOUR

*Hi, yi, yip!
I am up and away:
With a light-hearted laugh,
Kiss the light of the day.
Hi, yi, yip!
Ahi, yi, oh!
Merrily singing,
Forever, I go.
Hi, yi, yip!
Ahi, yi, oh!
Where the night-wind sings
In the sunset's glow.
Oh, it sings, with a sigh,
A sweet lullaby,
Half a sob, half a cry,
Oh, a sweet melody;
Lulls the day to her rest,
To the sleep that is blest;
And the light slowly dies*



*From her sombre hued eyes;
 Her tresses are gathered;
 The night shadow flies,
 With sombre hued pinions,
 Athwart the dark skies.
 Then sleepily, dreamily
 Closing her eyes,
 She draws up her cover,
 Its stars all alight;
 Then, soundly asleep:
 It is night! It is night!*

Fancy had just finished her song when—my good gracious—again must I say good-bye for this time: for our trip was long, and many things we saw: much too many to tell you before bed-time.

IV

NOW then, Little Sisters of the Morning Glory, that Fancy took me first to the very top of the twin mountains of Prospect and Memory, that lift their glittering peaks, in mighty grandeur, high above the dull and sluggish mists of the Sea of Doubt. From the one you can clearly see the glorious land of Yet-to-be; and from the other, the beautiful, wonderful land That-was. It is true that to the poor, weary wayfarer who plods along the beaten paths of the world As-it-seems-to-be, and looks up from below, these mountains often appear dark and gloomy with threatening storm clouds hanging heavy and sullen about their heads; which sometimes, too, are lashed to wild fury by the whirl-winds of Despair and Hate, that rend them apart and fling the whirling fragments to the sky. Then flashes of fearful lightning show the bare and rugged cliffs and light with fitful glare the gloomy caverns of Remorse and Sorrow. Then moans and sobs the wind, while through the jagged gulches rush a flood of bitter tears. Fear rides



the howling gale, with staring eyes and pallid face; while Rage and Anger follow fast on coal black steeds, lashing into the darkness with curling, hissing whips of Scorn that burn and crackle when they strike, like forked lightning.

But this, you must remember, is really and truly not so at all; but only seems so to the foolish people who live in the world As-it-seems-to-be—which is sometimes called the Dreary World. Those who, like you, live in the World Beautiful and stand high above, know that these are really wonderful, sunlit clouds that look like whirling snow-flakes dancing down the wind when golden glow the rays of rosy sunshine on the lately fallen snow.

You must know, too, that from the mountains of Prospect and Memory, and reaching far into the land of Yet-to-be and to the land That-was, there runs a wide and wonderful way. It stretches golden bright through the flaming heavens of day, and lies at night, like a ribbon of silvered dew, across the starlit sky. It is called The Way of Hope: for it never fades, and, though you travel it either way, it leads to the World Beautiful.

*The Way of Hope is a bridge that lies
From yesterday's dawn to the next sunrise;
Joins yesterday's wish with tomorrow's dream;
Joins the morning light with the twilight's gleam.
It spans the dusk of the sullen night
With a glorious bridge of eternal light.*

Over this bridge, the wonderful Way of Hope, far above the sullen waters and confusing mists of the Sea of Doubt, went Fancy and I, care-free and joyous, to the World Beautiful: to the land called Delight.

But, little daughters of the Evening Splendour, of all the things we saw and things we did there, I will have to tell you next time.





IT seems a long time since my wandering letters last reached you. Since that time Fancy and I have traveled fast so that I could hardly reach you, for we do not carry letters here, but only good wishes and kind thoughts. These we carry always, and bring our friends wherever they are; and we never fail to find them.

Stretching far behind us lies the Way of Hope, over which we have just come; and which, indeed, leads us on throughout the land called Delight and to the most charming places in all the World Beautiful. From it, too, you can turn into many other delightful roads. There is the wide and well-kept avenue, with stately trees and beautiful flowering hedges on either side, that takes you to the wonderful City of Smiles, of which I will tell you later. Again, you may take the bright and sunny path that follows the devious windings and turnings of the brook called Laughter, where it goes, gleefully dancing on its way, between blooming clusters of Sincerity Vines, and through the meadows of the Valley of Childhood where are found, in great profusion, the shy and beautiful Flowers of Innocence.

Then there is one path, too, that many newcomers follow. You find it on the Way of Hope just before you enter the land called Delight. It leads to the Spring of Forgetfulness; which softly gushes from the Rock of Justice, called the Heart of Nature, whose waters are caught in a crystal goblet, called the Willing Cup, by the lady of love, called Mercy. With kind embrace she guides the weary to the spring and gives them to drink. Then do their troubles vanish as if they had never been: but, always, will they have kindly hearts and gentle. When trouble has made you weary and care made heavy the heart, go seek the road to the Spring of Forgetfulness. There you will find Mercy softly singing:





*Come follow me stranger, nor hesitate long;
For Love is my brother, and kindness, my song.
My arms then, oh stranger, will hold thee secure;
I'll show thee the way to a spring that is pure;
I'll give thee to drink of waters that flow
From the rock which, called Justice,
As Mercy, I know.*

*Oh, touch but thy lips to the cup that I hold,
And peace will thy spirit, in Mercy enfold.
'Twill give thee a heart just as gentle as mine;
The love that I feel will as surely be thine.
As Mercy, I'll give thee the rest that all seek;
In mercy, forever, with kindness then speak.
As Mercy, I bring now this solace to thee;
And thou, in the future, remember then me.*

*Come rest then, oh stranger; I ask for my part,
Not a ransom of gold, but a place in thy heart.*

From the Spring of Forgetfulness it is but a step to the City of Smiles that lies under a sunny, blue sky, with its houses gleaming white and pure under shading trees, with sparkling fountains playing in the sunlight, just where the brook called Laughter joins the River of Song. Its streets are paved with the Flowers of Happiness and stretch wide and clear under the arching Trees of Pleasure; and at every corner spring the singing Fountains of Joy. Down the streets dance, with smiling eyes, the Maids of Mirth, tossing the flowers of Good-will to the passersby. Everywhere, running about helter, skelter, you will find the little Grin Goblins and the Chuckle Elves, who are the children of Mischief and delight in getting in everybody's way, and in splashing water from the Fountains of Joy on the best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes of very, very proper persons—and then double up with laughter, and turn summersaults, and dance first on one foot and then on the other: they are so delighted and happy with the success of their own jokes. Not very much safer are their cousins, the demure Dimples and sly Twinkles, who persist in popping up just exactly where



they are not wanted, and cause just no end of confusion and concern, and upset all the plans of the really serious folk who just can't keep out of the City of Smiles because they like it so much—though they will not admit it.

But, you would never in the world guess who rules the happy, carefree City of Smiles because they have such a reputation of being staid and solemn in the world As-it-seems-to-be. Courage and Patience, twin brother and sister, reign in the City of Smiles. Courage rides a strong, swift horse; and is not a whit affected by all the turmoil about him. Smiling always, he looks straight ahead, and never hesitates unless it be to help some fearful stranger, or guide a puzzled pilgrim to the heights where he can see the beauty of the landscape. Patience must walk; for she goes everywhere, among all people, smoothing their little troubles for them, helping the weary with their burdens, and soothing their heart-aches with gentle words and whispered comfort. Softly smiling, she wanders through the world; and with her brings the holy benediction of content. Beautiful, indeed, is the City of Smiles, and I would dwell there always.

Next time, dear cousins with the gentle hearts, I will tell you of the last thing that Fancy and I saw on this one journey.

VI

AND now, little cousins, if you will come with Fancy and myself, I will show you that which no one ever sees, or hears, or knows about, unless he dwell in the valley of the Truly Great. This runs, both east and west, from the Sea of Knowledge, whose waters gleam golden with the morning blush of newborn light, to the sea of the setting sun, called Wisdom. There in the evening of the day



comes Charity, and with her come a host of friends. She carries with her the Golden Rule; and by her walks the Spirit of Unselfishness. Great is her heart, and wide her knowledge—and, with indulgent smile, she covers the faults and failings of mankind with the broad mantle of Understanding. She bears no hatred, and knows no prejudice; she carries the widow's burden, and culls a flower for the sinner's way; she whispers consolation to a broken heart, and brings new courage to a failing cause. Yes, when the whips of passion leave their scars or lawless action swings its scourge, Charity brings the healing power of kindness and from her hoard of love she pays with coin that passes current throughout the world; for her realm is as broad as the universe and her subjects are unnumbered.

Just as the Evening Shadows first appeared, with soft and stealthy tread, and with quick movements, little leaps, began to climb the mountains and the hills, did Fancy take me to this place: and there, at first, we heard the Whisper Elves, that on the wings of Rumor fly and with mysterious glances tell the secrets of the day. Softly they sang:

She's coming! She's coming!
The mother of Love.
She's coming! She's coming!
Oh quick, look above.
She's coming! She's coming!
Oh quick, gather fast.
She's coming! She's coming!
Ere the day will have passed.

Quickly then there gathered from all sides the friends that we have met, and heard of, too, in all the wide land called Delight. First came, with gay and careless step, Imagination and Illusion; and where they walked forgotten roses bloomed, and flowers sprang from rugged cliffs, and dew-drops turned to sparkling gems, and stones to singing birds. The South-wind kissed the Sun to life, and drifting storm clouds turned to plunging steeds with



cupids riding on their backs; while Thunder played a melody that made the Lightning dance. Grim Fate grew kind to all and smiled a welcome to great happiness. Straight on their heels then came the truest friends that we can have. They lead us through the darkness and black night to our own home where shines the light of Everlasting Peace called, sometimes, Self-respect. Three sisters are they, called Ideals. With gentle words they urge the pilgrim on his way; or, sometimes, too, they frown and shake their heads; but ever, always, straight-away they lead and their intent is kindly. Cling to them little children of my heart, for where they are you must be safe; and though the tempests of Great Passion rise, and all the demons of the under-world are loosed, still will they bring you safely through and lead you to the door of Happiness.

Many, indeed, are the weary and mudsplashed pilgrims that they find and guide with Honour, their good friend, to the great world we learned to love, the world we always seek again: the great World Beautiful. First do they bid the wandering pilgrim listen: then he hears:

*Kind voices from a Heaven that does lie
Within the reach of all;
That softly whisper in strange melody
And call.*

THE FIRST SISTER, sings:

*Stranger thou comest now called by our voices;
And thy Great Maker now with us rejoices.
Heed thou our soft appeal; heed thou our call;
Lest, at some future time, evil befall.*

THE SECOND SISTER, sings:

*Stop not a moment, nor stumble or fall;
Follow us, follow us; heed thou our call.
Set thy eyes forward; we will lead on
Through the great darkness to the bright dawn.*



THE THIRD SISTER, sings:

*I know thee, oh stranger; thy heart it is kind;
No truer, or braver, can anyone find.
Thy sight, it is clear; thy will, it is strong;
Come with us! Come with us! Nor hesitate long.*

ALL THREE, sing:

*We found thee at first in thy own mother's arms;
Her smiles and her tears then endowed us with charms;
Though far you have wandered, though all be unkind,
Still, safely in us, her own charms you will find.
The hopes that she had are the flowers we bear;
The love in her heart is the crown that we wear.*

Then, through the growing dusk, came Hope and Faith and Mercy, and Courage, too, and Patience last of all—for she must stop along the way to do her work. They came with eager step to greet their mother Charity. Then thronging fast came all the Twilight Elves, the Maids of Mirth, the Chuckles Elves, Grin Goblins, too, and Mischief—yes indeed—and all the Dimples, Twinkles and the rest a-tagging on behind.

*The Evening Shadows that we saw
First climbing slowly from below,
Are swiftly leaping upward now
And dull the slanting sunbeam's glow.
The cliffs already stand aloof
In dusky shades of night;
And down the valley sunbeams steal
With hesitating light.*

Straight up the sides of the mountains of Fame, in which lies the Valley of the Truly Great, a sturdy worker, called Ambition, made a way; and, just as night seemed to have come, the last bright rays of sunshine touched this path, and there stood Charity with quiet grace and unassuming ways; and slightly bending forward, with outstretched arms, she bade them welcome.

"You call me mother, for I gather to my heart the vagrant children of the world, yet Love first taught me



to be kind, and Mercy, to forgive. Hope showed me many things that Faith made plain; and Courage gave me strength; while Patience, gentle lady, made me cheerful and content. Then, only in the evening of the day, came silently the Spirit of Unselfishness and found me on the path Ambition made that leads to yonder glittering heights of Fame: and now, as Charity, I bring into the world what you have given me: Hope, Faith, Love, Mercy, Courage, Patience, all: and in return I give you this, the gift of Charity: 'tis but a simple bit of knowledge that I bring: the knowledge of the good in everyone."

Now then the Evening Shadows swiftly climb from crag to crag, from glittering peak to peak, until the hush of night steals o'er the land. But in the waning light there softly thrills the sound of many voices in a song of greeting and good-night to Charity:

ALL, sing:

*The night is falling
But the sun shines on—
For in our hearts your blessing lies;
The glowing sunset,
As tomorrow's dawn,
Will greet our scarce awakened eyes.*

Then on the hills the watching Echoes rise; and fainter growing in the distance, they repeat: "Tomorrow's dawn, tomorrow's dawn"—a hundred-fold or more—and all the listening world then hears.

And now the sprightly Fairies of the Night stir in their beds, and rub their eyes awake. Quick, are they then afoot, and night with all its glory finds us once again: and now, go sleep until the morning comes, and then, with Fancy and myself, go seek the way to our own land Delight in the World Beautiful.

Your Cousin,

Herbert



FAIRY FOLK
FOR LITTLE FOLK



THE DREAM-BUBBLE TREE

IN the land of Merry Blossoms,
 Where the Giggle Flowers blow,
 Where Imp Mischief has a castle,
 And the Laughing Waters flow;
 Where the Fairy Charm lies dreaming
 Under arching Pleasure Trees,
 And the Dawn Sprites hug the Dew Drops
 In the early morning breeze:
 THERE, one morning in the spring-time,
 Strolling down a mountain glen,
 Where the River Fun first rises,
 Came a crowd of little men.
 Dressed in tiny pants and jackets,
 Given by the Fairy Charm,
 Came the little men a-strolling—
 Laughing—chuckling—arm in arm.
 Little, dear Grin Goblins, were they,
 With the darling Chuckle Elves:
 All were up so bright and early
 Seeking to amuse themselves.
 SOON, they found a fairy forest,
 That is there called Mystery;
 Then, at once, they scampered gaily
 For a big Dream-Bubble tree.
 My, oh my! You should have seen them;
 They just ran, so very fast,
 They could hardly keep from going:
 So, that one or two ran past.
 Though, of course, these hastened *right back*,
 Just as fast as they could go,
 Playing leap-frog; and one Goblin
 Fell upon his nose, ker-po!
 But it wasn't but a moment—



You could barely count to three—
 When all Chuckle Elves and Goblins
 Were a-roosting in that tree.
 There were many Elves and Goblins;
 And they made the bubbles fly!
 And a Dawn Sprite jumped on each one,
 As it went a-scooting by.
 Then, you should have seen the bubbles
 Flying down the morning wind:
 And, whenever two collided,
 Every little Goblin grinned.
 Gracious me! They were so busy,
 That the bubbles flew and flew;
 And for every picked-off bubble,
 There another bubble grew.
 Furthermore, these wonder bubbles,
 With a Dawn Sprite right on top,
 Keep on drifting on the Wish Wind,
 And they hardly ever stop;
 So, sometimes, from this strange country,
 From this big Dream-bubble Tree—
 Sent by little Elves and Goblins—
 Come these dreams to you and me.

THERE WAS A SAUCY TWINKLE

THERE was a saucy Twinkle
 Who found a Dimple, shy;
 He kissed her quite serenely,
 And made the Dimple cry.
 He put his arms around her,
 And said, "Don't be afraid."
 And then the two together
 Just went away and played.





THE BATH OF THE WORK-A-DAY GOBLINS

THE Work-a-day Goblins they hammer away;
They saw and they sew and they spin all the day;
They water the garden; they build a new house;
They make a new dress, and a trap for a mouse;
They make a fine bonnet, or Johnny's new pants;
They're busy as bees from Kamtchatka to France.
They make this and that and the next thing for you;
And they sing and they whistle, whatever they do.
They are dresed in peak'd caps and blue denim clothes,
Have merry blue eyes and a puckered-up nose;
And when they have finished their work for the day,
They hie to the City of Smiles rightaway.
For that is their home, and, hipple-ty hoy!
They go splashing right into the Fountains of Joy—
The very first thing, with chuckle and grin,
Head over heels, they tumble right in;
They splash and they splatter, and make all the noise
That you usually hear where they're nice girls or boys.
They shout and they laugh; they dive and they swim,
And keep it right up till the daylight grows dim.
And then old Dame Thrift, who has charge of them all,
Comes hurrying out with the last supper call.
And then you should see them just splutter and blow,
A-scrambling real lively, with faces aglow.
They run helter-skelter down Harmony Street
In the City of Smiles which is always so neat.
Dame Thrift at her door shoos them all in the house,
Where they're soon busy eating, and are still as a mouse.
They have Honey-pap-milk and Oyster-plant-stew,
And Chuckle-meal-muffins and Goody-Cakes, too;
And when their fat tummies are really real tight,
They kiss old Dame Thrift and they bid her good-night.
And then they all scramble and tumble and leap
Right straight into bed where they all go to sleep.

THE GOBLIN COBBLER

THERE is a Goblin Cobbler
 Who mends the fairies' shoes;
 And while they all are waiting,
 They tell the Cobbler news.

So Mister Goblin Cobbler
 Knows almost all the things
 That happen in the Fairy World;
 And this is what he sings:

*A-rat-tat-tat,
 A-rat-tat-toe,
 All the fairies they come;
 All the fairies they go;
 I am a cobbler
 And cobble their shoes
 And while I cobble
 They tell me the news;
 A-rat-tat-tat,
 A-rat-tat-too,
 I sew a slipper
 And peg a shoe;
 A-rat-tat-tat,
 A-rat-tat-toe,
 All the fairies they come;
 All the fairies they go;
 They tell me gossip;
 They tell me news,
 The while I cobble
 Their fairy shoes;
 A-rat-tat-tat,
 A-rat-tat-too,
 I sew a slipper
 And peg a shoe.*

Oh yes, the Goblin Cobbler
 Is kind as he can be;
 And always only cheerful news
 The Cobbler tells to me.





THE DREAMLAND CLOCK

HERE live, in the Cave of Beautiful Dreams,
The Twilight Elves, we know:
By the Slumber Sea where the sunset gleams
And the waves roll soft and slow.
There, Fancy, the queen of the Twilight Elves,
Watches the gold-red spray
As the Twilight Elves, there, cover themselves
With the last flung jewels of day.
They keep and they hold them the whole night through;
They sparkle and glitter and shine;
They fashion them, too, into dreams for you,
Into dreams that are yours and mine.
Then, later, when all the Night Fairies come,
And softly you've closed your eyes,
Then, sleeping in dream-land, you'll hear the hum
Of fairy voices and cries.
Right *into* your room the Elves will then leap;
They'll trip and tumble and play;
And some will peep at a clock that they keep,
And kiss you awake when it's day.

NOW THE CHINKAPINS TELL

HERE was a good girl
Who saw a gray squirrel
In a little-old Chinkapin Tree;
Said the good little girl
To the nice Mister Squirrel,
"Oh, shake just a few down for me."

Then the nice Mister Squirrel—
As she was a good girl—
He really was Love in disguise,
Shook the Chinkapin Tree,
At the little girl's plea,
Then winked his shrewd little eyes.

LITTLE HUMBLE TUMBLE-BUG

LITTLE Humble Tumble-bug,
 Rather late one fall,
 On a dusty, dusty road,
 Rolled along a ball.
 It would soon be winter-time.
 He was storing food:
 Working, all the live-long day,
 For his hungry brood.

*Little Humble Tumble-bug,
 Roll along your ball
 For your wife, and babies, too:
 Feed them one and all.*

Now there came a Robber Bug,
 Dashing, gay and bold:
 Said to Humble Tumble-bug:
 "Let me get a hold.
 "Let me help you roll the ball.
 "I will do it free.
 "For it is a heavy task:
 "That is plain to see."

*Little Humble Tumble-bug,
 Better watch your ball.
 I'm afraid that other bug
 Is not nice at all.*

Little Humble Tumble-bug
 Thought it was all right:
 So he told the Robber Bug
 Just to hold on tight.
 But that other Mister Bug,
 Though he seemed so kind,
 Threw some dust in Humble's eyes
 That quite made him blind.

*Little Humble Tumble-bug
 Watch out what you do.
 I'm afraid that other bug
 Has it in for you.*

Sure enough, it happened so :
 Robber Bug was wise ;
 Little Humble Tumble-bug
 Stopped to rub his eyes—
 For the dust had blinded him,
 That the Bug had thrown :
 So, when he looked up again,
 Bug and ball were gone.

*Little Humble Tumble-bug,
 For your hungry brood,
 You must go to work again
 Getting some more food.*

BOB WHITE

IF you hear a Bob-White calling
 When the land is green in spring;
 And his love notes, so enthralling,
 Through the sunny woodland ring;
 Harken closely, look right sharply—
 When you see him then, just sing:

*Bob White, Bob White!
 Kiss your lassie.
 Bob White, Bob White,
 Kiss your maid.
 Bob White, Bob White,
 Kiss her sassy.
 Bob White, Bob White,
 You're afraid.*

*Bob White, Bob White!
 Kiss her truly.
 Bob White, Bob White,
 Kiss her well.
 Bob White, Bob White,
 Love her truly;
 And then, Bob White,
 I won't tell.*



THE GRIN GOBLIN'S BED-TIME DRANKS

A LITTLE Grin Goblin:
 He hopped on my toe—
 Oh, this was a good many
 Long years ago.
 He looked so bewitching,
 So neat and so nice,
 That I looked at him once,
 And I looked at him twice.
 He stood on his head;
 He kicked out his feet;
 Then winked his shrewd eyes,
 So I made him repeat.
 He shuffled and danced
 The real Highland Fling;
 So I asked him politely,
 "Now won't you please sing?"
 But then the Grin Goblin
 Stood still on my toe,
 And, if you'll believe me,
 He started to grow
 Until it just seemed
 It was Papa who said:
 "Young man, you had better
 March right off to bed."

THE FAIRY SONG

THERE was a dear little Daffodil
 Who lived by a brook,
 By a murmuring brook,
 By a murmuring brook near a hill.
 And the Fairies, they came when the night was still;
 And they sang a song to the Daffodil;
 And the soft, sweet song ran around the hill,
 In the night that was softly quiet and still,
 And found my darling quite soundly asleep,
 In a nice, warm bed that was soft and deep;
 So the sweet, soft song decided to stay,
 And my darling found and sang it next day.





THE DAWN-SPRITE'S RIDE

H DAWN Sprite perched on a thistle-down
 And whistled a tune one day;
 When the South-wind came, on mischief bent,
 And whisked them both right away.
 The Dawn Sprite laughed and kicked his heels
 And swung his cap in the air:
 "We're traveling," he cried to his wayside friends,
 "From No-place to Anywhere."
 A-whoop la-la! away they went:
 Over the meadows and hills,
 Over the brook and the farmer's field
 That the gay young farmer-boy tills.
 They said good-day to a Cherokee Rose;
 They tickled a kitty-cat's ear—
 Who twitched and waggled it very fast,
 And shouted aloud, "Here, here!"
 The Dawn Sprite laughed and waved good-bye,
 And whistled his tune once more:
 When the wind changed 'round and took them back
 Right to the Dawn House door.
 The Dawn Sprite saw a party of friends
 Eating a big bowl of soup;
 So he turned three summersaults fast in the air
 And tumbled right in with a whoop.
 Oh, that soup just splashed all over them all;
 So they paddled him well with their spoons,
 But the Dawn Sprite laughed and jumped right up
 And sang a couple of tunes.
 Then all joined in and danced around,
 As Dawn Sprites always will;
 And old Dame Throop brought out more soup
 So they all then got their fill.

BUMBLE-BEE

MISTER, twister, Bumble-Bee,
 Don't you get too gay and free.
 If you get a poppy jag,
 You will lose your honey bag.

MASTER PERKY BLACK-BIRD'S DREAM

MASTER Perky Black-bird,
 Who had just begun to fly,
 Ate a really great, big supper:
 Then he perched up very high.
 The twig was slight and slender,
 In a weeping-willow tree,
 And the wind would rock it gently—
 Rock and rock it, constantly.
 Well, when one eats great big suppers,
 And one perches very high,
 Then, of course, one's bound to dream things:
 So did Perky, by and by.

Now: Master Perky Black-bird dreamed
 He took an auto ride;
 And that he sat right up in front,
 And looked around with pride.
 He pressed a little button;
 And he turned the steering wheel;
 When it started up so quickly,
 That it almost made him squeal.
 But he saw his seven sisters
 And his mother standing near,
 So he acted up quite saucy,
 Though he felt a little queer:
 For, that auto turned in circles;
 Then it straightened out its course,
 But began to jump and jiggle
 Like a badly bucking horse.
 Then it ran, for quite a distance,
 Just as fast as fast could be;
 And it jumped a big church steeple
 And a Eucalyptus tree;
 It skidded on a storm-cloud;
 And it bumped a mountain's nose;
 And a great, big, tall policeman
 Shouted: "Stop him! There he goes!"
 But that auto went a-whizzing—
 So that Perky got so scared
 That I really think he'd jumped out,





If he only then had dared;
 But that auto kept on going
 'Round and 'round, and near and far,
 Till, kerplunk, it landed, slap-bang,
 In the middle of a star.
 "Gracious me!" said Master Perky,
 As he felt himself go 'round;
 "I'll surely fall a thousand miles,
 Kerspang, right on the ground."

Then: His mother came and shook him
 By his little black-bird ear;
 And she said, "Wake up there, Perky!
 You've been dreaming, Perky dear."
 So, of course, then Perky Black-bird
 Got from off his shaky twig,
 And he snuggled close to mamma
 On a branch quite safe and big.

I LOVE A FAIRY

(After My Scotch Blue-bell—I Love a Lassie)

I LOVE a fairy,
 A charming little fairy:
 She's a cousin to the little Maids of Mirth;
 She's cousin to the Dimples;
 And she carries herbs and simples—
 And they cure the greatest troubles here on earth.
 Indeed, I love my fairy,
 My charming little fairy:
 She's a daughter of the dancing Morning Mist.
 She's cousin to the Twinkles;
 And she smoothes out all my wrinkles;
 When in mischief, she just snooks up to be kissed:
 Indeed, I love my fairy,
 My charming, darling fairy:
 Oh, my darling little Heartsease, kiss me true.
 You sometimes are contrary,
 But still my little fairy,
 There's no fairy in the whole, wide world like you.

WHAT THE BLUE-BOTTLE FLY DID

DEAR Papa, on the sofa,
Was just taking of a snooze:
And, on this Sunday afternoon,
Had taken off his shoes.
He had made himself all comfy
In a dozen diff'rent ways;
He had pulled the window-shades down
To keep out the sun's bright rays;
He had found a nice, soft pillow,
And had pulled his collar off;
He had put the meowing cat out;
And had stopt dear mamma's cough;
Then, with just a little yawning,
And, perhaps, a stretch or two,
He went straightway off to dreamland—
Just the same as you do, too.

WELL:

Into the room there gaily came
A big Blue-bottle Fly.
He buzzed around the room a bit
And then he did—oh, my!
And then he did—oh, my, oh, my!
Now what do you suppose?
Why, he settled quite serenely
On the tip of papa's nose.



I'VE GOT A WEE, WEE LADDIE

SONG

I'VE got a wee, wee Laddie,
A bonnie bairn is he;
His hands they hold my heart-strings
And his eyes make love to me.

*Oh, Laddie, oh my Laddie,
Your eyes are deep as wells:
Your smile is like the sunshine,
Of your true, warm heart it tells.*

My Laddie comes and cuddles
Quite closely to my breast:
He says that he is tired,
An' 'at he wants to rest.

*Oh, Laddie, oh my Laddie,
A-sleeping in my arms:
You know no other lassie
And no other lassie's charms.*

Then suddenly he wakens,
And says he wants to play;
He hugs me first and kisses me
And then he runs away.

*Oh, Laddie, oh my Laddie,
Oh, kiss and hug me true;
There'll be no bonnie lassie
That will love as I love you.*

I've got a wee, wee Laddie,
A bonnie bairn is he;
And always, in my heart of hearts,
My bonnie bairn he'll be.



HOW THE CHEER-UP GOBLINS CAME ABOUT

or

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE GRUMBLE-POPS'
GAY FROLIC

THERE were some funny Grumble-Pops,
 On one late night in May,
 Who said, "We'll have a frolic.
 For to grumble doesn't pay."
 So they hired all the Katy-dids
 And Crickets in the land,
 And got young Mister Mocking-bird
 To train them for a band.
 They got some Butter-cups for cups,
 And bought some honey-dew;
 And hired for their serving maids
 Some Lady-bugs they knew.
 They called up all the Butterflies
 And Night-moths, everywhere;
 And sent them out as messengers
 To all the good and fair.
 They sent their invitations
 To the Twilight Elves' far home
 And to all the dear Grin Goblins
 And the Chuckle Elves that roam.
 They asked the little Dimples
 And the Twinkles and the rest;
 And they even got the Echoes
 To repeat their kind request.
 They asked our friend Imp Mischief
 And Fay Love to chaperone;
 And they built for good Queen Fancy
 A be-jeweled, rose-leaf throne.
 My! You should have seen folks coming—
 North and south and east and west—
 All dressed up in fairy fixings,
 In their extra Sunday best.
 Then the Katy-dids and Crickets
 All struck up a lively tune;
 And a wandering minstrel Bull-Frog



Fairy Folk for Little Folk]

Played upon his big bassoon.
Then they straightway started dancing :
First, the old Virginia Reel ;
Then they waltzed and then they one-stept ;
Then they took a fairy meal.
And the Lady-bugs at tables,
Dressed in red, with stylish caps,
Gave the guests their honey-dew cups,
And rose napkins for their laps.
But a few again went dancing
That made others nearly spill
All the honey they were drinking :
Then 'most all danced a quadrille
During which all threw their dew cups,
Now quite empty, down the wind :
But one Goblin threw a full cup
And then every person grinned ;
For that honey-dew went splashing
On a resting Fairy's face,
Who got up and chased that Goblin
At a very merry pace.
They both ran 'round in circles
And jumped other goblins' backs ;
And the Fairy took her slipper
And gave Mister Goblin whacks.
Everybody soon was laughing,
And they all joined in the chase
Till they caught the little Goblin
And threw water on his face
Till he spluttered like a porpoise,
Then they let him up once more
And they all went back to dancing
Just as they had done before.
But *for all* the happy happ'nings
And the mischief that took place
At that really charming party
Why I really haven't space.
But I'll tell you this, dear cousins,
That those Grumble-Pops were glad ;
And that Fairies, Elves and Goblins
Said it surely was too bad
That the Grumble-Pops were called so :



So Queen Fancy changed their name
To the Little Cheer-up Goblins.
So you see, that's how *they* came.

THEN, of course, the frolic ended,
With the Lightning Bugs alight;
And the Fairies, Elves and Goblins
Homeward, wandered through the night.

THE CROW'S HIDING PLACE

HERE was a thievish old crow,
By the name of Simon LeDoe,
Who hid all his things:
Brass, stoppers, and rings:
In a shoe with a crumpled-up toe.

The shoe he hung on a twig—
High up on a tree that was big:
But Annabel Lee
Climbed up in that tree
To get back her doll's stolen wig.

Then Simon got back from a trip
With another toughened old dip;
And flew in a pet
When he saw she would get
The things in the shoe's very tip.

"Good gracious, Annabel Lee!
Why are you up in that tree?
Get down there at once,
You red-headed dunce;
Ev'rything there belongs now to me."





THE HUMPY TIN-CAN MAN

HERE was a humpy tin-can man
Who had a bumpy dog;
And they rattled down the alley
In an early morning fog.

The man was on a wagon
With a humpy, bumpy seat,
And the dog was curled up warmly
At his humpy master's feet.

The horse that pulled the wagon
Had all crooked, bumpy knees,
A humpy, bumpy Roman nose
That gave a grumpy wheeze.

The sun was barely shining
As they took their bumpy way;
When, on a humpy, bumpy fence,
They saw a cat this day.

It was a humpy, lady cat;
Who then began to call:
"Oh, if you will not help me down,
I'll surely have a fall."

The humpy little tin-can man
Got off his bumpy seat:
The horse had stopped; the dog had jumped
Right off his master's feet.

They politely helped the cat down;
Whereupon she said she'd go
With humpy man and dog and horse,
If they would just drive slow.

That humpy cat was crafty;
And knew all the alleys well,
And could spy out all the tin-cans:
So, at least, the good folks tell.

Now they rattle down the alleys
Every morning in the fog:
The humpy, bumpy tin-can man,
The horse and cat and dog.

THE LITTLE RED ROCKING HORSE

OH, this is the story, that I will tell,
 Of a Little Red Horse and what befell
 When it left the shop of the little-old man
 With his blocks of wood and his red-paint can.
 The little-old man was kind and good
 And made some rockers from strong oak wood
 So the Horse could rock and jump and prance
 For a little Joe-boy with brand new pants.
 The little-old man made a saddle, too,
 Just exactly the size for a boy like you.
 He made it of leather and brass-headed tacks;
 Just the kind you see on the big horses' backs.
 He made a fine bridle and hung on a whip;
 So the Little Red Horse was prepared for the trip.
 Then quickly there came a big auto van
 That was driven quite fast by an odd cockney man
 Who asked, in a language that sounded most queer,
 "'Ow will Hi take hit haway from 'ere?"
 Said the little-old man, as he shifted his hat,
 And gave the Red Horse a last farewell pat:
 "Oh, take it away just as it stands:
 "It needs no cover: *But wash your hands,*
 "For the little Joe-boy that I have seen
 "I am sure will want it all nice and clean."
 Then the cockney man put the Little Red Horse
 In the auto van: and then, of course,
 He drove right straight to Joe-boy's home—
 A house with a tower and a big red dome.
 And under that dome was our Joe-boy's room;
 And now you can guess the rest, I presume:
At once, little Joe-boy, in brand new pants,
 Made the Little Red Horse just jump and prance.
 The rockers went, oh, so very fast
 That chairs and tables and windows flew past.
 But Joe-boy rode like a cavalry-man;
 And wished that the man with the red-paint can
 Could see him sit in his saddle so bold
 And pull his bridle with snaffle hold,
 And crack his whip, and gallop away
 Like a brave Dragoon or a Lancer gay.

A-whoop la-la ! away so fast,
That again the tables and chairs flew past.
Now, any day, in Joe-boy's home,
In the tower room with the big red dome,
You'll find Joe-boy on the Little Red Horse
A-riding away *like a soldier, of course.*

CHUCKLE ELF AND MISTER FLEA

HERE was a little Chuckle Elf
Who climbed up in a tree
And on the very top-most branch
He found a little flea.
Said little Mister Chuckle Elf
To little Mister Flea,
"Now why have you climbed way up here,
Into this big old tree?"
Said little Mister Flea to him,
"Why it is just this way:
I did belong to Mister Dog,
Until this very day.
But then I bit my Mister Dog,
Quite accidentally;
Which made him very angry
So he made me climb a tree."





HUMMING BIRD NEWS

IF you see a humming bird
Darting to and fro,
Count to three, and say the verse
That I give below :

*Humming, humming, humming bird,
On your wings so fast:
Give the flowers all my love
As you hasten past.*

Then, you'll see, he'll keep right on
Sipping flower dew,
Swapping seeds for honey-pap
And your love-wish, too.

WOODPECKER

THE wood-pecker knocks and knocks,
But nobody comes to the door.
But still he knocks, then listens a while;
Now, what is he doing it for?

(When you hear him doing that, you say :)

Wood-pecker, wood-pecker,
Don't go so fast;
Eat only bugs
For your daily repast;
Wee little wood-sprites
Are sleeping in bed,
And their fairy-winged mother
Has gone for some bread.

THE STORY of
MASTER POUTER PIGEON
WITH HIS PUFFED-UP, FLUFFY VEST
WHO GOT SPLASHED WITH FOUNTAIN WATER
WHEN HIS MAMMA HAD HIM DRESSED

MASTER Pouter Pigeon
Was as pert as he could be;
So he left old Mamma Eavecote
And went on a jolly spree:
He flew across the house-tops,
And he flew across the streets
Till he found where Pigeon Party
In a happy glory meets.

Oh, it was a jolly party
That he found in Central Park,
Where he met a pigeon lassie,
And they went off on a lark;
And they pick'd up all the popcorn
That the kindly persons throw;
And were splashed with fountain water
Where the water-lilies grow.

They chased the little sparrows,
And got scolded by a grump;
They watched the dudes and dandies,
And threw seed-pods at a frump:
BUT, they didn't watch the time pass;
And they staid in Central Park
Till their mamma's had to find them—
Oh, a l-o-n-g time after dark.





SANDY-BABY

I'VE got a Sandy-Baby;
 She's a cunning little mite;
 Her hair is soft and golden,
 And her eyes are blue and bright:

*Oh, little Sandy-Baby,
 Just curl up nice and warm;
 My arms will hold you, surely,
 All safe and sound from harm.*

My little Sandy-Baby
 Came when I was quite alone.
 And in my heart she builded,
 Then, her everlasting throne.

*Oh, little Sandy-Baby,
 Oh, dinna go away;
 But, as a little baby, still,
 Just stay and stay and stay.*

I know my Sandy-Baby
 Will—for other eyes to see—
 For other folks to think about—
 A grown-up lady be:

*But, little Sandy-Baby,
 In my heart and in thine,
 Stay as a little baby, still,
 Oh, Sandy-Baby, mine.*



NOW MY CHRISTMAS WISHES GOT TO BOUNCING BETTY

IT'S a long, long way to Betty:
If I'd take the same old ways,
Over which most folks must travel,
It would take me five long days.
But I'm wiser, and my fancy
Takes me there: just one-two-three;
So, perhaps, you'll see me peekin'
Through your lighted Christmas Tree.

One can't tell, *such* queer things happen—
Why, it wasn't long ago
When I saw such *funny* people
In the mountains, where there's snow.
They were dancing 'round and singing
When the Wind came skipping by:
He was kicking up the snow-drifts
Just to see the snow-flakes fly.

They were little bits o' people,
And they had the *reddest* caps,
And were just so nice and cheerful—
Just the dearest little chaps.
And they laughed and kept on singing
And a-dancing all the day;
For they were my Christmas Wishes
Getting ready for the way.

And I called the very nicest:
Little, red-cheeked, blue-eyed ones;
And I whispered to them softly
And I gave them butter-buns;
And I gathered them right closely,
And I held them to my heart,
So they'd hear what it was saying:
And they started with a start
That was really quite amazing—
Just as quick as quick could be—
On the road to Bouncing Betty,
Bouncing Betty's Christmas Tree.



Then they just a-kept a-going,
 Just so very, very fast,
 That nobody else could stop them—
 While they were a-flying past.
 So, they'll find you, Bouncing Betty,
 And they'll reach you, that I know,
 From my heart, on every Christmas,
 Just no matter how you grow.

JUNE-BUG

(When a June-bug settles anywhere with a whack,
 as June-bugs do, help him to fly away and sing:)

HIE away, fly away,
 June-bug, please;
 Hide yourself, quick,
 In the evergreen trees.
 Wait for the fairy
 With golden comb;
 Then hie away, fly away
 Back to your home.

Then, in thankfulness for being treated so kindly, he will tell
 the fairy your name; and, if you are good and kind, one can never
 tell exactly what nice things a fairy will do.



WHEN MASTER RED SNAPPER SMOKED

S AID the little Red Snapper
(Who is a fish) :
"Oh, I really and truly very much wish
That I had a pipe to smoke just once,
Like the fishermen have on the water fronts."

Said a little Dawn Sprite,
Who happened by,
"I'll get you one,
If you want to try."
And sure enough he got one, quick,
And the Snapper smoked,
But got right sick.

Then a passing Grin Goblin laughed
And said:
"Ha, ha, Red Snapper,
Now go to bed.
And then you'll be
All right again.
But leave the smoking
To fishermen."

CICADA "LOCUST" SONG

W HEN you hear Cicadas singing,
Buzzing in the summer-time;
Clap your hands quite loud and sharply,
And then chant this little rhyme:

*Locust, Locust, quit your singing;
Locust, Locust, fly away;
All the summer-heat you're bringing—
It's been hot enough today.*

Sometimes—rarely though—he'll stop it;
Then, perhaps, he's understood.
Telling him will not be harmful,
And, perhaps, it might do good.

THE WRINKLY DOLLY LADY AND THE CRINKLY DOLLY MAN

THERE is a wrinkly lady
 And a wrinkly, crinkly man
 Who are busy at a table
 With a top just like a pan—
 Oh, yes, a wooden top, it is,
 But like a great, big pan,
 And here they work and work and work:
 This lady and this man.

Yes, they're very, very busy
 And as happy as can be,
 A-fixing Christmas Dollies
 That are surely fine to see.
 They are Santa Claus' first cousins,
 And they work fast all the year.
 Old Santa says: "When Christmas comes
 Those dollies must be here."

There are lots and lots of dollies,
 Big and small of every kind;
 Blue-eyed, brown-eyed, gray-eyed dollies—
 Many different ones you'd find.
 Some are dressed in silks and satins—
 On each foot a shiny shoe;
 Some are cuddled up in cradles;
 Some wear pink and some wear blue;
 Some there, even, have no dresses:
 For old Santa says it's true,
 That just lots of times your mother
 Likes to dress them up for you.

But the wrinkly man and lady
 Working gaily all the year,
 At their big, round, dolly table,
 All the dollies' secrets hear—

Hear their secrets, and then give them
 Lots and lots of good advice :
 That's the reason, don't you see, dear,
 Why all dollies are so nice.
 Then, *just think*, when Christmas-time comes,
 They both kiss them one and all—
 And, of course, then Santa gets them :
That's how came your Christmas Doll.

THE STORY OF JANE'S EASTER BASKET

HERE was a little Bunny,
 On a rainy, rainy day,
 Who was told: a chicken mamma
 Had just up and gone away.
 So this darling, little Bunny
 Found six chickies in the wet;
 And he took those little chickies
 To his little home, you bet!
 And he got a great big carrot;
 And he chewed it up real small;
 For the tiny little chickies
 Could not eat it, big, at all.
 Then, together there, they ate it,
 In the little bunny nest;
 And the chickies staid with Bunny
 For a long, long cozy rest.
 And I'm sure the chickies' mamma
 Will find all the chickies fat
 If she gets back from her shopping
 For a brand new Easter hat.





THE FOOLISH LITTLE SPARROWS AND THE OGRE JUDAS TREE

DID you ever hear, dear cousins,
Of the Ogre Judas Tree,
Who entices all the Sparrows
To a naughty little spree?
“See,” he says, “*my nice round berries.
Come and try them; they’re SO good.*”
Then some Sparrows don’t behave just
As they always really should.
They just know they shouldn’t go there;
But you know how sometimes ’tis;
They just sort of snoop and take one;
THEN, dear cousins, ooh, Gee-whizz!
When that little bit o’ berry
Gets in Master Sparrow’s craw,
Why, such funny little actions,
Honestly, you never saw.
For that berry gets to working
In the little Sparrow’s head;
Till he kind o’ gets to wishing
For his little sparrow bed.
Hmm! He gets a little dizzy;
Then he stands on just one foot—
And he wonders, by the way, then,
Where the other one’s been put.
Then he gets to feel real happy,
And he goes and tries to sing;
Then he tips a little sideways,
And just flutters with one wing.
Oh, he cuts a lot of capers;
And he dances and he jigs
So that all his little playmates
Look to him like they wore wigs.
But they’re *ALL* like Master Sparrow,
Capering and acting so,
That one really is astonished
And one wonders where they’ll go.
Then they all seem to get drowsy,
And they sort o’ blink around,

Till they're all stretched out a-napping.
 On their backs, right on the ground.
 By and by, again, they wake up.
 First they move their little feet;
 Then their wings; then shake their bodies;
 Then their playmates they all greet.
 My, oh my! There's such a chatter,
 And such scolding all at once:
 Why, I think one little sparrow
 Called another just plain "Dunce!"
 Then they all went paddling homeward,
 Just as solemn as could be,
 For their heads were set to aching
 By that Ogre Judas Tree.
 But that naughty Ogre's waiting
 For another sparrow crowd;
 And, the while, he softly chuckles—
 Even, sometimes, laughs aloud.

MAMMY'S CRADLE SONG

HONEY chile a-hush yo' cryin':
 Sperrits walkin' thoo de night!
 Safely in mah ahms a-lyin',
 Hidden f'om de fearsome sight.

Honey chile a-hush yo' cryin':
 Ode-wise dey'll sho'ly hea';
 An' dey'll come aroun' he'e, spyin',—
 Fo' dey's actin' mighty quee'.

—From "*The Crimson Rose of Cedar Top Terrace*," now in work.



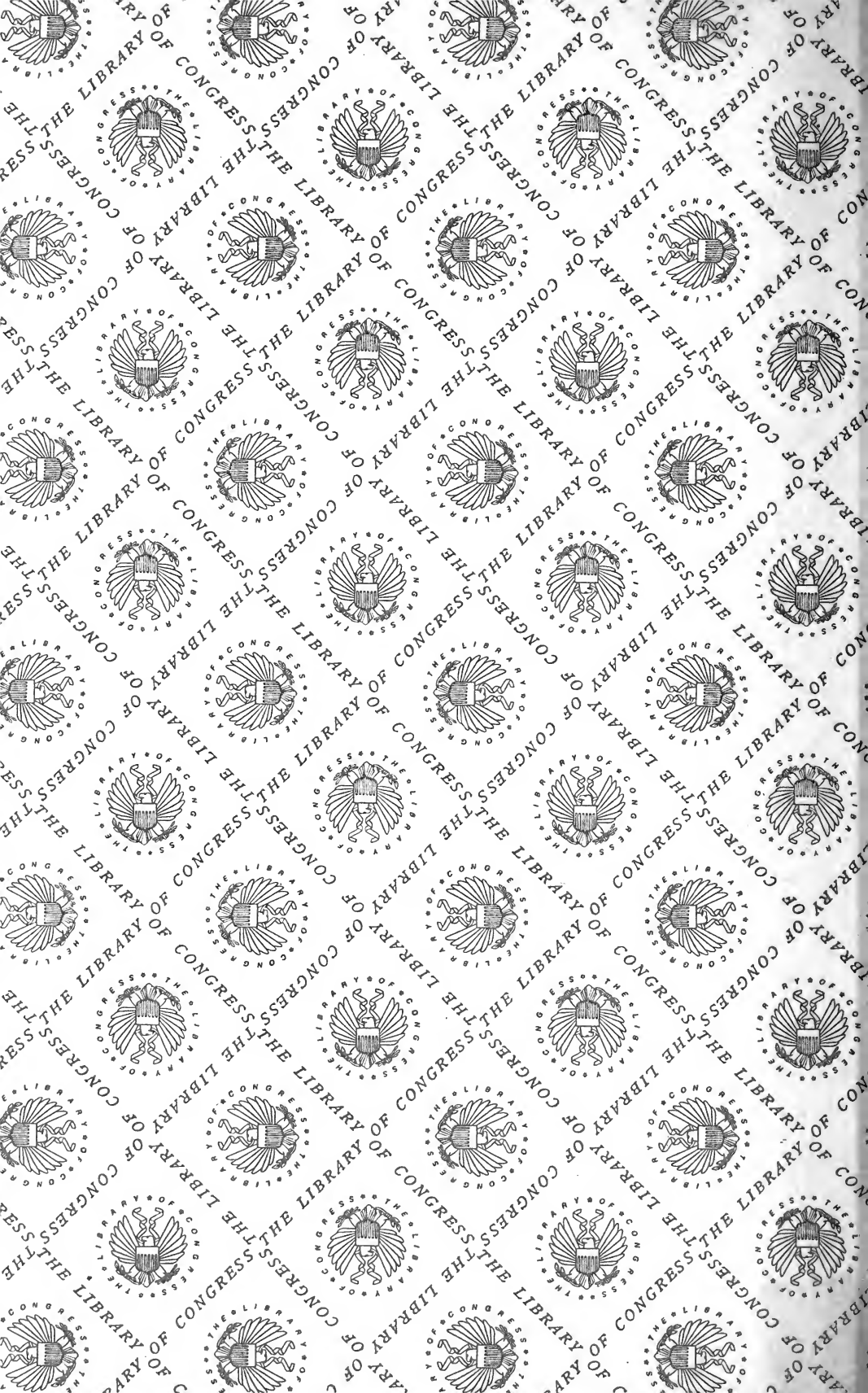
THE SONG SPRITES' MELODY

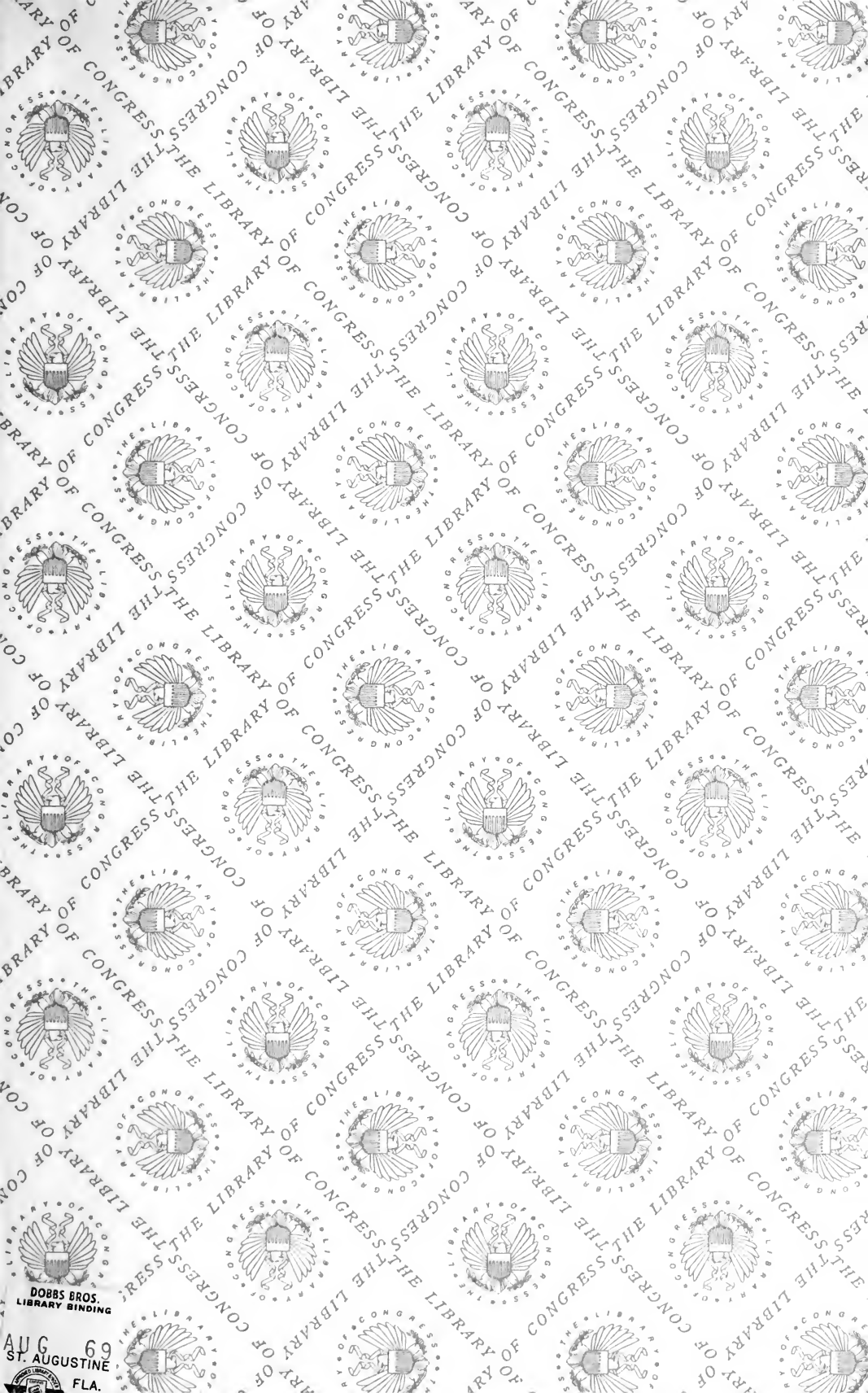
DOWN by the River of Song, dear cousins,
 In the sunlit Valley of Fun,
 Where the beautiful Flowers of Innocence grow
 And the wonder-world just has begun;
 There where the dancing brook they call Laughter
 Joins the wide River of Song,
 On the humming waves of musical sound
 The song Sprites come gliding along.
 In many-hued boats made from melody leaves,
 That glisten in sun-kissed spray,
 The Song Sprites glide on their fairy ride,
 And gently they rock and sway.

They rock and sway and sing their song
 In the sunlit Valley of Fun,
 Where the beautiful Flowers of Innocence grow,
 And the wonder-world just has begun.
 The Dawn Sprites sit by the river bank
 And watch them with wondering eyes;
 And Fancy herself, with the Twilight Elves,
 In dreamy enchantment lies.

Dear Love and Mischief stop their play,
 And sit and listen there long;
 And the dancing Daughters of Morning Mist
 And the Echoes repeat their song.
 The Maids of Mirth and the Chuckle Elves
 In magic chorus one hears:
 And the melody, dear, they are singing, you'll hear
 Long through the coming years:
 Yes, wherever you go, quite soft and low,
 Will sound fairy laughter through tears.







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